

berly. The South would not have it. Their extinction would be the mere bubble of a drowning man in the ocean, leaving nothing to calm the waters after he sinks as if he had never existed. *The abolitionists, therefore, are far as Southern progress is concerned, and are no singularity in the world; we rather, like true Americans, who, not content to feel upon you, render themselves as annoying as possible. By without Southern produce for freight more than half the abolition ships would be at the bottom of the sea.* But the Southern demand, more than half their own goods, and the supplies



## ANNOUNCEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

We have not seen, for a long time, an announcement so laughable and so extraordinary as the following, which we copy from the *London Morning Advertiser*, of the 17th ultimo:—

**THE GREAT ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION AT MANCHESTER.**—This convention, to be held on the 1st of August at Manchester, will receive an additional interest in the presence of the Hon. John Van Buren, a prominent American politician, and son of Martin Van Buren, ex-president of the United States. Mr. Van Buren visits this country to be present at the forthcoming anti-slavery convention, and to advise with his fellow-workers in the noble cause of Negro Emancipation in the United States, with which his father, as well as himself, has for several years been identified. This is another evidence of the increasing hatred of that peculiar institution gaining ground, and the feelings of every right-minded man. We shall bid Mr. Van Buren's presence at this interesting period of the anti-slavery cause in America as of great good omen. No man can better advise his fellow-workers in the noble cause, nor man will be listened to with more attention, nor, considering his antecedents, is more capable of giving practical aid. In our impression of Saturday, we gave a list of the important subjects to be discussed. All these subjects affect more or less, the internal affairs of the several states, as well as the Federal Union. There is none, however, of such vital importance as that proposing the discussion of the feasibility of dissolving that great union of States, which it has often been said is governed by the hearts of a free people, and now stands in its greatness an example to the world. The discussion of this momentous topic will form a new phase of the anti-slavery movement in this country. With compatriots such as George Thompson, W. Wells Brown and Parker Pillsbury, Mr. Van Buren cannot fail to render good service to the cause of freedom by instructing his fellow-workers on this side of the Atlantic.

It is true, that an anti-slavery convention was to be held in Manchester on the 1st of August, and that Mr. Thompson, Mr. Pillsbury, and Mr. Brown intended to be present; but all that is here said about John Van Buren and his father is, on this side of the Atlantic, so palpable a hoax, that we marvel so sagacious and intelligent a journal as the *London Advertiser* could be imposed upon by it. It is within the scope of possibility that the rollicking 'Prince' has become a convert to genuine abolitionism; but if so, we shall be as shy of him as the apocryphal words of St. Paul of Tarsus after his notable conversion, until his character be established.—*Liberator*.

## MR. WEBSTER'S LITERARY EXECUTORS.

Boston, Monday, July 31.

It has been known for some time that the Literary Executors of Daniel Webster, have transferred his MSS. and other papers to his son, Mr. Fletcher Webster. Since the death of the illustrious Statesman, personal and family jealousies, to which his peerless name and reputation naturally gave rise, have been revived in all their force. When living, the lustre of his immediate presence threw all minor things into the shade. The satellites who fluttered about him—and upon whom he might as well have thrown a stone as a duck's back—were loving enough to each other when he was about; but now that he has gone, they whirl round his grave like birds of prey, and seem almost capable of fighting for his worms.

There are no less than two families in the State who aspire to the pretension of sharing his literary fame. One claims to have heightened his fame as a jurist; another boasts to have brightened his renown as a diplomatist, while both assume to have assisted him at an orator, the fact being that every ray borrowed by this luminous intellect from others, was reflected back with such tenfold brilliancy as to make them.

"Blind with excess of light."

Perhaps there is no city in the Union where the disease of family pride is more malignant, than in Boston. To offend one of the Curties', for instance, is not merely to violate the common courtesies of life, but to commit an act of absolute profanity. "If the Almighty would destroy my family," said a lady the other day. "He has only to withdraw the Curties family, and the thing would be done." Now the above mentioned literary executors—we beg pardon, literary executors we mean—consisted of Edward Everett, George T. Curtis and C. C. Felton; and

George T. Curtis—*Webster* is nothing. If it wasn't for me."

But it seems Fletcher thought otherwise, and was resolved to take the responsibility of perpetuating his father's name and fame upon his own shoulders. As for Everett, he has enough to do to look out for his own reputation; while Professor Felton has laurels to cultivate in Old Harvard. And so the unpublished papers of Webster have passed out of the hands of the learned trio, and are now in the archives of his own family. This is as it should be. Now then, let them be published. Fletcher is not the most brilliant man in the world, and is modest enough to know it; but he is certainly competent enough to manage his father's manuscripts, while as for eliciting them, the work of a man like Webster speak for themselves.—*N. J. Times*.

**AN EXCITING SCENE.**—The Worcester Spy gives an account of the plunging visit of a high-spirited horse, to the tent in which the Second Advent people are holding a camp meeting. He at first came in contact with the rigging, and was thrown down, but dragged himself from the wagon to which he was attached, and dashed into the crowded tent. The scene that ensued was fearful to witness, and it would be difficult to describe the terror and confusion that followed. Several persons were slightly injured, and a man named Collier, from Westford, was seriously hurt. The horse was secured with considerable difficulty, and it was a long time before the preacher could take up the thread of his discourse, or the audience could compose themselves sufficiently to listen to his teachings.—*Commonwealth*.

**A GOOD SENTIMENT.**—A Baltimore correspondent of the *Anti-Slavery Era* aptly says:—  
"If the Union is to be preserved, which God grant it may, to be worth preserving it must be a union of free men with free principles, and a corresponding practice. Faith, without works, is dead."  
This is the true doctrine. If the politicians wish the people to love the Union, they must make it worth loving. If they wish them to preserve it, they must make it worth preserving. A Union whose only use is to enable Slaveholders to catch and keep their slaves, is not worthy of love or preservation.—*Free Presbyterian*.

And pray what else is our Union good for? Will the Presbyterian tell us?

**SLAVERY IN MISSOURI.**—In Missouri, slavery is at a stand, if not retrograding. It may be said, with almost literal truth, that the slaveholding immigration to Missouri, entirely ceased three years ago. There is now a slaveholding emigration from Missouri. Besides slaves are constantly being sold to the South. There are no more slaves in Missouri to-day than there were three years ago. The prospect is, that ten years hence their number will be greatly less than it is now. There are now in the State, 70,000 whites, and 87,000 slaves. Ten years hence, there will be at least 1,200,000 whites, probably less than 90,000 slaves. There are now more than eight free men to one slave. Ten years hence likely enough, there will be twenty free men to one slave.—*St. Louis Herald*.

## Communications.

## LETTER FROM JOSEPH BARKER—NO. IV.

BETLEY, (Eng.) June, 1854.

MY DEAR FRIEND: Here I am at Betley, one of the most beautiful, old-fashioned, aristocratic of towns, and one of the quietest places for tired or worn-out people in the world. I walk in the fields and along the green lanes; I bathe in the river; I talk with the neighbors, such as are wicked or daring enough to hear me talk; I play with my sisters and mother-in-law; and sometimes read and write. One of the heretics in the village has an excellent garden, and at times I go to look at his fruits and flowers, and to exchange a few kind words with him. Sometimes I go with my wife and sisters a shopping, and get into a long conversation with the shopkeeper, who, without being a heretic like myself, is always kind, and never tired of hearing the news of all the world, and my own opinion about it.

One day I went to Audlem, the Club-day, and saw the shams, and the dancing on the Green.—Audlem is another country town, of a similar kind to Betley, aristocratic and high church, and far away from the mischievous influences of radical newspapers, democratic orators, and religious heretics. Club-day is a great festival, at all these ancient country towns. The Club has a procession in the morning, hears a sermon from the state priest in the forenoon, dines at the largest and most genteel inn, and ends the day with tea and music and dancing on the Green, admitting such as are not members of the Club to the tea and dancing for two English shillings. The Club itself is an association of men or women, as the case may be, for the purpose of mutual support or relief in sickness and old age. The men have their clubs and the women have theirs. In those old-fashioned towns, most of people join the clubs; the poor to secure relief, and the rich to patronize and encourage the clubs. The rich often help in keeping the accounts and managing the affairs of the clubs. On their annual feast days, the rich and the poor meet together in the church, and on the Green, and the persons sanction all by their presence. The rich even dance with the poor at these festivals. True, a poor man seldom dances with a rich woman; but a rich man will often dance with a poor woman. But this appearance of equality only lasts a day. And the poor do not seem to prize it so highly as they used to do. They like to dance with each other best. They feel the presence of their patrons as a restraint.

Though a stranger at Audlem, I suppose I was known by most of the people there, as the publisher and advocate of the most dangerous and horrible doctrines in politics and religion. Only three men, therefore, spoke to me, of all that were on the Green; and one of them was so deaf I could have no communication with him; the second only exchanged compliments; the third, the husband of a very intelligent and accomplished lady, who is a particular friend of my wife and sisters, was the only one who seemed disposed or courageous enough to talk with me. I might, perhaps, have succeeded in getting a talk with the clergymen, but the only persons who had the right to give me the needed introduction to them, were afraid to take on themselves the responsibility of doing so, lest they should thus be the occasion of a kind of conversation that might not be agreeable to all concerned. Two or three ladies ventured to talk with me a little, and I found them very intelligent. Of course, none but ladies of some intelligence and spiritual independence would think of talking with a man of my reputation. I felt rather lonely in the crowd on the Green, so I went into the streets to see the shows, to watch the popular games, and try my luck with the plover-boys and the wagners in firing at a mark. While walking in the street, I was accosted by a gentleman who said he had heard me lecture at Nantwich, had read all or most of my books, was acquainted with several of my readers and admirers. He told me of one man whom my writings had reclaimed from drunkenness and misery, who was now a respectable and worthy man, and in comfortable circumstances. This was encouraging. I was at home now, and could talk as I liked, without danger of disturbing the peace and harmony of the great annual festival.

On Tuesday last, it was Club day at Betley. The temperance people of the country round chose the same day for a procession and sermon and tea party at Betley, and in the evening they had a public temperance meeting in the open air. We had, in consequence, a very stirring day. The two processions, with each its band of music, roused the whole population. I watched the whole of the proceedings, especially of the temperance band, and attended the temperance meeting. At the request of the leaders in the movement, I addressed the meeting, giving them the result of my twenty years experience and observation. The people seemed much pleased, especially when I gave them some account of the temperance movement in America, of the insurrection of the woman at New Lisbon in Ohio, and at Winchester in Indiana against the drinking system in their towns and neighborhood. I had taken with me to Betley one of the hatchets which I saw demolish the rum casks at Winchester, and I told the meeting that such a wished might see it, if they would call at my mother-in-law's after the meeting. You should have seen how the men and women, boys and girls crowded to see the wonderful hatchet, and how they turned it round and round, and examined every part. It would have done you good. That hatchet will be talked of a hundred years to come.—that wonderful American hatchet, that, in the hands of a woman, had demolished rum casks and whiskey barrels, and given a deadly blow to the accursed drinking traffic in the county town of Randolph, Indiana. I intend to exhibit it at Leeds on Monday next, before a vast assemblage. I will tell you the result hereafter.

I began this letter with the intention of giving you an account of one day of my life, and I have not yet got to the beginning of my story. But now you shall have it.

On Friday last, I received a letter from R. D. Webb, a man who is known and esteemed by all you abolitionists, and by the more daring and thorough reformers of all kinds, both in the Old World and the New. In this note, Mr. Webb informed me that he expected to be in Liverpool that night, to meet CHARLES F. Hovey and PARKER PILLSBURY, and invited me to be one of the company there. So I said I would, and I did, and I went, and I met them, and a happy meeting we had. But I am skipping part of my story. I started from Betley about three o'clock in the afternoon, to take the train at the Basford station, about three miles and a half north of Betley. My wife and her eldest sister went along with me a mile or so, for the benefit of the air, and the pleasure of the walk. We met the eldest Miss T., daughter of the aged squire, returning from a walk; but though there were three of us, she did not see us; and though two were ladies, she

neither nodded nor spoke to them. Soon after my company left me, I slackened my pace to allow a poor looking woman with a bundle, whom I saw in the distance, to overtake me; for I have an infinite love of company, and a dreadful curiosity to know the secrets of the poor and miserable. Well, she was soon alongside me.

"Is this the right road to Crewe, sir?" she asked. "It is; but there is a nearer way across the fields," and a pleasanter one, as well. You seem to be tired. Have you travelled far?"

"I came from Nantwich this morning. I have been round by Madley and Betley, trying to sell a few things, and I want to get to Sandbach to-night. Sandbach was about ten miles off, and she had walked about twelve already; so I said, 'Why do you not take the train?'"

"I have had only a very poor day, and I cannot afford to do so." And on she trudged. She asked me for nothing. She had plainly not thought of receiving any thing. Shall I let her go without helping her a little? I think not. So I called on her, and gave her sufficient to pay her fare to Crewe, but told her if she had rather walk the distance, and keep the money, she was welcome.

So, with many thanks for so small, but unlooked for a favor, she took to the right across the fields, and I, lighter to the full amount of the few pence I had given her, trudged on towards the Basford station.

The station master, though sadly troubled with asthma, always contrives to get out a little talk with me about the American climate, American game, American slavery, American usages, or something else American. This time it was about some stock, *live-stock*, and a man to accompany some stock I was thinking of exporting to America. We had not been talking long, when a neighboring farmer, apparently of the wealthier class, came in, and joined the talk, but speedily changed the subject to that of American slavery.

"It's a strange thing, a shocking thing, this American slavery. A dreadful thing to buy and sell human beings, and hold them as slaves. Very inconsistent that, for free people like Americans, and professing to be Christians too, to keep men and women in slavery. England for me. They can't hold men in slavery here."

"True," I said, "it is very inconsistent in persons who profess to be republicans and democrats, to hold men in slavery; but what is it for English men to make and uphold laws which starve men to death by thousands in a year?"

"There are no such laws. People cannot starve to death in England. It is their own fault if they do. There are poor laws, and every one can get relief. They cannot starve to death."

"But poor-laws do not keep men from starving—they never did. The less needy and deserving have generally got the allowance, and the more needy and deserving, but more modest and timid, have been left to perish. The best will not get relief till it is often too late, and then, the fact that they are cleanly and decent looking, and that they have still a little furniture left in their houses, is made an excuse for refusing them their poor request. And a word of unkindness, or a harsh, unfeeling expression, is enough to send them home crying and sobbing with broken hearts, to perish outright, rather than to ask for relief again.—Thousands have perished of want where I lived. Millions have perished in Ireland. They have not even penny-loaves there; at least, they had not till lately; and all this want, and all this horrid suffering and death, were caused by laws which most of you farmers have supported. You all supported the corn-laws; you still support the laws of entail and primogeniture, and the whole aristocratic system; framed expressly for the object of making a few enormously and mischievously rich, at the expense of the trading and toiling millions."

"But two wrong things will not make one right one." "Very true. Acknowledge the English system to be wrong, and try to mend it, and I am satisfied. I have no wish to justify American slavery. I have no desire to excuse or screen it. I hate it; I curse it. It is the vilest thing on earth. I war with it continually. But it is not the only evil that afflicts humanity. In some respects it is not even the greatest. Slavery is the lowest state of man; and kidnapping, slaveholding and man-hunting are the greatest of all crimes. Still, where a single American slave has been starved, or even dogged to death, scores of English and Irish people have died of want. It is well the English should cry out against American slavery; but they should allow themselves to be reminded of English land-laws, English game-laws, the old English corn-laws, &c., that have caused suffering and untimely death without end. I was only afraid they were overlooking these things. And as the Americans can never do what they ought for liberty in Europe, so long as they keep up slavery among themselves; so benevolent English people will never be able to do as much for freedom in America as they wish, till they try to mend their own laws, and better the condition of the working classes."

And thus the discussion went on, till the train came in sight. The man had sense and firmness, and we soon found out that we very nearly agreed, though he had mighty leanings to the aristocratic system, and its accompanying land monopoly, the greatest curse of England.

Yours truly,

JOSEPH BARKER.

## UNDERGROUND RAILWAY.

A Virginia paper gives the following description of this celebrated and flourishing northern road. It is quite an accurate picture:—

**UNDERGROUND RAILWAY.**—The above term is frequently used in speaking of the escape of slaves, as descriptive of the secret, underhanded mode of conveying them to the free States by the abolition tribe. In Ohio, the manner of rescuing slaves, we learn from an intelligent gentleman, is this: The slaves are first rowed across the Ohio river, in the night, when a systematic process commences, by the aid of a regularly organized company living all along the route from the Ohio river to Canada. One party takes the fugitive a distance of some thirty or forty miles, and returns after leaving him in charge of another party, who continue the travel on the ensuing night; and so they succeed each other until they arrive in Canada.

The negro was made for slavery, as the ox and the horse were made for servitude, and neither of them can be converted into a white man.—*Washington Sentinel*.

It may be impossible to convert a horse into a white man, but we think it now clearly demonstrated that a white man can make a use of himself.—*Dayton Gazette*.

The Cincinnati Times tells of "a negro" who made his escape on the train from Jeffersonville, and who when he got to Seymour, Ind., being suspected, bolted. A few law-abiding citizens gave chase, and, after a hard "run" of two hours, caught "the fellow." The captors boasted of their victory; but a magistrate cooled them down by fining "the volunteers" for an assault upon the person of the negro. Yet to get their money back, they took "the fellow" to Louisville.—*Idaho*.

## The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

Salem, Ohio, August 19, 1854.

## A CONSTITUTIONAL FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW.

I, for one, hate the Fugitive Slave Law, not because it is unconstitutional; Free Soilers I am, I hate it not for that;—but because it is *infernal* (loud cheers). If we only dislike and criticize it, because, in a few points it is unconstitutional, we do not, I contend, see the real evil with which we have to contend. The evil is in the object itself. I tell you, that law is less dangerous to this country for being unconstitutional—it is less dangerous to the colored man and woman for being unconstitutional. Every little colored child, playing to-day under these pine trees, is so much safer in consequence of the unconstitutionality of that law, than if it were a constitutional Fugitive Slave Law; because, that child, on his side tens, and hundreds, and thousands of men, who have not looked to the bottom of this thing, and who, but for the obnoxious features of that law, would not have opposed it as they now do.

It is a *constitutional* Fugitive Slave Law that I fear, and I trust never to see one. I trust never to see a law thrown around that which is in itself atrocious, to blind honest men to the real character of the thing. I trust never to see a man in Massachusetts yielding to a constitutional Fugitive Slave Law, if such a thing there be, because, as they may say, the forms of law have been complied with, the man has his chance for freedom, and what more do we need? I say, we want a state of things when a man has no chance for slavery, (applause)—when slavery becomes impossible—when any Fugitive Slave Law becomes impossible—when we shall pledge ourselves never to send another fugitive back at all. (loud cheers).

We shall be standing, not on the platform of the Constitution, but on the platform of God and Freedom; and not until then will our efforts to save the slave be availing.

I see that, even now, some men—pure-minded politicians—disregarding from themselves the real character of the conflict in which they are engaged, in a speech recently made, in Ohio, by a leading member of the new Republican party, I notice that he offers, as an argument for amending the Fugitive Slave Law, that if it were amended, made more humane, and more humane ten fugitives would be given up where one is now. (loud cheers). I do not want to see the Fugitive Slave Law amended, if this is to be the consequence. It was only the other day that another member of the Republican party, in another State, said distinctly in his speech, that he must vote for the Fugitive Slave Law of some kind. He did not have it revealed, he said, he only asked that it might be amended, because the Constitution provided for some such law. When our Republican party in Massachusetts comes to that, it will be a party of what WENDELL PHILLIPS called, the other day, "Republicans and sinners," and worse than that, they are merely "publicans and sinners." (Applause)—THOMAS W. HIGGINSON.

No warning is more needed, than that the opponents of slavery should not be deceived by its specious wiles. It is the very deceptiveness of unrighteousness itself, and in one form or another those who seemed to be the very elect friends of anti-slavery, have been deceived, and given their power to the enemy. A strange deception is that which will make benevolent men, with an ordinary stock of justice, consent to fugitive slave catching and other enormities, because they are constitutional. Unquestionably, Mr. Higginson is right. Slave-catching could never have mustered the friends it has, but for the fact that that American Idol, the Federal Constitution, authorizes and sanctions it.

**THE JEFFERSONVILLE AND INDIANAPOLIS RAIL ROAD.**

Several times of late we have noticed accounts of outrageous treatment of colored people, travelling on this railroad. They struck us as remarkable, even in this age and country so characterized by mean oppression of the colored man. A late No. of the Tribune explains the secret. It seems the stockholders of the R. R. Company, have introduced into their regulations the insolent characteristics of slave state travel, with additions.—Ordinarily "free papers" would pass a man through Kentucky; but when these Kentuckians make regulations for Ohio travel, somebody in their interest must certify to the free papers. The Hoosiers seem quietly content with this arrangement. The paragraph of the Tribune relates them with merited severity. It is as follows:

**SLAVERY IN INDIANA.**

The phenomena of Northern severity to the south upon supposed reasons of self-interest, are myriads-headed. From the time when a New-York mercantile house was able to excite animadversion by the affirmation that "they sold their goods and not their principles," such was the circle of baseness that surrounded their independence, that the last lot-puff of arrivals from the south—not going below this period—we can find examples, prominent and comprehensive, of Northern severity enough to make a sensitive soul ashamed that it ever knew being. A fresh evidence of this severity has now come to our knowledge. It seems that the stock of the Jeffersonville and Indianapolis Railroad is chiefly held in Louisville, Ky., though the road is in Indiana, a free State, so-called. The direction being thus controlled in a Slave State, has established a rule that every colored person who travels on the road, shall have a passport, not sufficient, no matter how well authenticated, but a passport is required from some well-known resident of Jeffersonville, before any black man travel by the road. By means of this rule, submitted to in a free State with a degree of severity not exceeded by a slave-outright, we are informed that freedmen of color have been seized, taken to Kentucky, imprisoned and whipped, until their freedom could be proved. In the practice of this rule, the railroad in question stands alone. It has no peer in the other States so far as the whole State is responsible. In Indiana, which is to have a reputation as a civilized State, she will bring the slave-driving directors of that road to their senses, and insist upon the right of every man to travel by that road unquestioned, until legally apprehended for crime or misdemeanor. So far as she admits such slave-directions in her affairs, she adds one more impediment to the enfranchisement of the free States, all of which are sunk to the level of laqueys, of overseers by the infamous Fugitive Slave bill.

We learn that three colored persons, who have suffered under the oppressive regulation of the company, have commenced suit against it, which will test the right of the company to refuse any person a passage over their road, and especially on the impudent presumption that travellers are slaves, in opposition to the constitution of Indiana, which prohibits slavery. And yet there is reason to fear that colored men in conflict with a rich corporation in slavery-ridden southern Indiana, will have small chance of success. A Louisville paper says that it is of vital importance to the slaveholding interest that the company's regulations be sustained.

A new feature of slave extension, is this, that railroad corporations may introduce the slave laws of Kentucky into Indiana or Ohio. It has been done. Whether it shall be sustained or no, we shall see.

Mike Walsh was dogged in the Post Office at Washington, by Mr. Seward, of Georgia. We cannot regret that Mike Walsh was thrashed, but we should like to have the punishment administered by an honest man than a slaveholder.—*Id.*

Who so fit to do the dogging as the slave driver, New York ought to dog Mike politically and morally, but since she won't, it is just as well to let his belly master have a chance at him.

We question the morality of this community, after all. It is a slaveholding community. The jail may be empty on the Matt. Ward principle.

**RELEASED.**—Frederick Douglass' Paper states that a Mr. Harrison, who imprisoned in the District of Columbia four years ago, on the charge of helping of slaves claimed by Mr. Cook of Georgia, has been released. We have no particulars.

Mr. Phillips said:—  
He thought the time to talk about an anti-slavery or pro-slavery Constitution had almost gone by. Slavery had beaten us. He despised of doing any thing at Washington. He recognized, as greatly as any man, the noble position and the heroism and fidelity of the masses. Slavery, if they would confine themselves to it. He was reminded of the old story of Capt. Coffin, as an illustration of his idea. In old times, when a male thought himself equal to the captain, the mate of Coffin ship one day hobbled (for he was stiff in one leg) up to him, and advised him to anchor. The captain replied, not very civilly, "You take care of your part of the ship, sir, and I will take care of mine." So the mate hobbled off to the bows, and let go the anchor; then back he hobbled to the captain, and, taking off his tarpaulin, said—*Capt. Coffin*, my part of this ship is anchored? (laughter). So he proposed to anchor *Massachusetts*. (loud cheers). They tell us," said Mr. Phillips, "that the Ship of State at Washington is drifting to Cuba, to Mexico, to Brazil. I propose to anchor Massachusetts, (renewed cheers)—and then we will take off our hats to Capt. Coffin, and tell him our part of our ship is taken care of." (Great applause).

The way in which he proposed to do this by originating a party in Massachusetts, the test of which should be avowed nullification of every constitutional slave clause and every slave law—a party that should say to Mr. A. B. their candidate for Governor, "Sir, we propose to elect you to the office of Governor, and we propose, that you will swear to support the United States Constitution, you shall swear with the proviso that you don't mean to support the fugitive slave clause there; they would choose representatives in the same way; and if the Supreme Court construed it as illegal, they would vote the Supreme Court down, and choose another. He thought the time had come for this movement. It had been stated that at the Convention, at Worcester, the people asked for a "fanatic." They were ahead of the platform. That would never do. In politics, as everywhere else, if the leaders drop one single degree below the enthusiasm of the people, the people will drop degrees below the leaders. It is necessary to go to the extreme limit of the demands of the popular feeling. He believed that if the leaders of the Free Soil party would propose to the Bay State a party that should nullify slave laws, and if the Supreme Court would not condescend, make the Supreme Court elective, and choose a letter one, the thing would be done. If we could not find such men here, we could send out and import a Wisconsin judge, and get an honest man. The race may have run out here, but the new blood of the prairies would do to cross it with.

That was the theory of politics. We should have to come to it at last. Even Mr. Garrison, in his pulpit where he preached to George T. Curtis, had proposed, in one part of his recent sermon, to become a Disunionist, if the slave-hunters came here too often. Who knew how much too often was, in the opinion of Dr. Gannett? The slaveholders did not, and might yet make even Dr. Gannett a Disunionist.

There was, in his opinion, no politics short of this. The difficulty of Free Soil politics was illustrated by the position in which our eloquent friend CHARLES SUMNER was placed, the other day, when Mr. Benjamin, of Louisiana, questioned him.—Able, eloquently and appropriately he answered him, there was one question he could not answer, namely—what he proposed to do with the Constitution itself. There was one of two things for him to do. One was, to proclaim it anti-slavery, and support it; the other was, to nullify it, if it was pro-slavery. He (Mr. P.) proposed to take the last position here at home. It mattered not whether the Fugitive Slave Law was constitutional or not. If it was unconstitutional, he had a right to nullify it; if it was constitutional, if the Constitution provides for the return of fugitive slaves, then he would nullify the Constitution itself. (Cheers).

This said Mr. Phillips, is the only message I have for the voters: Dig down deep—go to the granite of God's laws, not to the Constitution. Proclaim that you will have a Massachusetts Governor who dares to obey God when slaves are shut up in Boston Court-House, and that you want him to swear to support the slave clause in the Constitution. Then we can have a political party that shall unite all the anti-slavery sentiment of Massachusetts, and make no man ashamed of his creed or his faith. Then voting will be an unadvised good. Massachusetts is not a large State—a very small plot of ground—not much bigger than a Western farm; but I tell you who will serve for the fulcrum of the lever itself, that shall move the nation, and bring the Slave Power to the ground. Give me a spot no bigger than Massachusetts, ready to nullify that Fugitive Slave Law, and Disunion is begun. I ask where it will end? I don't tell you. But if you will give Massachusetts, Ohio, New York, Wisconsin, Iowa, Vermont and Maine will soon swell her company, we will have a north in which it is decent to live. (Applause).

This advice is as good for Ohio as Massachusetts. Indeed, every man who does not take the ground of Mr. Phillips, is as recreant to the fundamental principle of the Ohio Constitution, as to the principles of justice and liberty. That Constitution positively declares there shall be no slavery in the State. It is in direct antagonism to all fugitive slave-hunting, and slave-catching, and slave-returning. It is at war with all fugitive slave laws, and equally with all fugitive slave clauses in the federal Constitution. It is for liberty on Ohio soil. It means, if it meant anything, to make Ohio a free State, which now it is not. Our Governors, Legislators, and Judges have ignored freedom and the Ohio Constitution, in favor of the slaveholding clause of the federal Constitution, and it is high time they were brought by the people to show a reasonable respect to our home document. It is true these men are in a predicament, having sworn to support both these antagonizing instruments. But even in that case, there is no difficulty in deciding which is most honorable as well as most just to regard. The course, therefore, which Mr. Phillips has pointed out, even if it should fail of success to the slave, would be most just in its purpose to liberty, and most honorable to the State and the party which adopts it. But after all, even this State political action would be but incidental. The paramount question, the direct object must be the emancipation of the slave. That question alone, successfully pressed, will secure deliverance to the enthralled citizens of the North.

A MORAL COMMUNITY.—It is a fact worthy of note, that in the county of Elizabeth City, Va., there has not been within the last twelve or fifteen years a single individual confined in the jail for any criminal offence, and a very limited number for any other cause. For the last two years the jail has remained untenanted. There is not a solitary adult pauper in the county.

## STATE ACTION.

Wendell Phillips on the 1st of August made a speech in Abington, in which he enforced the idea of his Framingham speech viz., that the only effective political action against slavery is State action. We wish the new Republican party would consider the suggestion. It is worthy their attention and Mr. Phillips' platform would give them something substantial to stand on.

Mr. Phillips said:—  
He thought the time to talk about an anti-slavery or pro-slavery Constitution had almost gone by. Slavery had beaten us. He despised of doing any thing at Washington. He recognized, as greatly as any man, the noble position and the heroism and fidelity of the masses. Slavery, if they would confine themselves to it. He was reminded of the old story of Capt. Coffin, as an illustration of his idea. In old times, when a male thought himself equal to the captain, the mate of Coffin ship one day hobbled (for he was stiff in one leg) up to him, and advised him to anchor. The captain replied, not very civilly, "You take care of your part of the ship, sir, and I will take care of mine." So the mate hobbled off to the bows, and let go the anchor; then back he hobbled to the captain, and, taking off his tarpaulin, said—*Capt. Coffin*, my part of this ship is anchored? (laughter). So he proposed to anchor *Massachusetts*. (loud cheers). They tell us," said Mr. Phillips, "that the Ship of State at Washington is drifting to Cuba, to Mexico, to Brazil. I propose to anchor Massachusetts, (renewed cheers)—and then we will take off our hats to Capt. Coffin, and tell him our part of our ship is taken care of." (Great applause).

The way in which he proposed to do this by originating a party in Massachusetts, the test of which should be avowed nullification of every constitutional slave clause and every slave law—a party that should say to Mr. A. B. their candidate for Governor, "Sir, we propose to elect you to the office of Governor, and we propose, that you will swear to support the United States Constitution, you shall swear with the proviso that you don't mean to support the fugitive slave clause there; they would choose representatives in the same way; and if the Supreme Court construed it as illegal, they would vote the Supreme Court down, and choose another. He thought the time had come for this movement. It had been stated that at the Convention, at Worcester, the people asked for a "fanatic." They were ahead of the platform. That would never do. In politics, as everywhere else, if the leaders drop one single degree below the enthusiasm of the people, the people will drop degrees below the leaders. It is necessary to go to the extreme limit of the demands of the popular feeling. He believed that if the leaders of the Free Soil party would propose to the Bay State a party that should nullify slave laws, and if the Supreme Court would not condescend, make the Supreme Court elective, and choose a letter one, the thing would be done. If we could not find such men here, we could send out and import a Wisconsin judge, and get an honest man. The race may have run out here, but the new blood of the prairies would do to cross it with.

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